

Miracles upon Miracles :

O R,

Great News from the *Kings-Bench* Prison in *Southwark*,
Of a Monster called by the name of *TITUS* upon *OATES*.

Being a strange and wonderful Relation of Ten Miraculous Miracles,
lately made known; the like having not been heard of in many
Ages.

NOW, now you that fancy all miracles ceas'd,
I'll tell you a Tale of a late *Popish* Priest,
Who has produc'd such a number, that he
Must own they had Birth most miraculously.
And never hereafter be hard of Belief,
And thus I'll begin them, although I'll be brief;
And when I my Task in this point do fulfil,
They will be all Miracles say what you will.

First, out of pure zeal to discover the Plot,
He was a *Papist*, and yet he was not;
For though to the *Pope* he was sworn, and more,
The Host he received, and the Bread did adore,
And knew their Conspiracy, and each design,
And in a most Hellish Plot did with them joyn:
O yet the fam'd Hero's a Protestant still,
And this is a Miracle say what you will.

He knew on what mischief their Malice was bent,
And on what dire murders their minds were intent,
Yet trusted their fury long ere he made known
The Hellish design, which to mountains was grown,
And might have prosper'd in spite of the Priest,
Had not the kind Heavens their fury suppress'd;
For why they had time enough all to fulfil,
Yet this is a Miracle say what you will.

Then that there appointed were Armies so great,
Of *Spanish* Pilgrims, wild *frisk*, and that
Some thousands of *Papists* were cruelly bent,
For with black Bills, Guns, Swords, & Staves, 'twas
their intent
To set on the Nation, yet strange is the thing
That none of them ere to light any could bring,
Or where they such Magazines hoarded up still,
Yet this is a Miracle say what you will.

That this Priestly worthy who knew all the Plot,
And might have commanded the Devil knows what;
Who had at his beck still the Lives and Estates
Of *Romish* bold Villains, who held such Debates,
Shou'd be in such misery, so wondrous Poor,
That he was oblig'd to haunt each *Popish* door,
His Hungry Belly with Bread for to fill,
Then this is a Miracle say what you will.

That after the dreadful Discovery was made,
And that Discovery was become a Trade,
He should protest he some Persons ne'r knew,
And in a while after the same should pursue,
To the loss of their lives, as having well known,
How from time to time their Designs they went on,
To ruin three Kingdoms, and Royal Blood spill,
Yet this is a Miracle say what you will.

That he in two places should be in one day,
A Thousand miles distant, as some they did say;
Indeed't does much puzzle me, unless he flew
On some swift Whirl-wind, for plainly he knew
What in the same day was done here, and eke there,
And in his own Person Transactions did hear:
If this be not unusual than I have no Skill,
Nay 'tis a Miracle say what you will.

That he took Degrees in a place he ne'r saw,
And to hear him dispute, did great Crouds thither
draw;
And that in the Senate-house he should once swear,
He nothing more had of the Plot to declare,
Yet after bethinking on, shou'd still proceed,
To accuse some of high rank Treason indeed:
If this bent a Miracle strange it is still,
But sure 'tis a Miracle say what you will.

That he with one Mouth should so frankly declare,
A man to be honest, then loudly to swear;
He's a *Jesuit* Priest, and the vilest of Knaves,
Because to comply with his intrest he waves:
That one unbaptiz'd can a Christian be said,
Is both new and strange as we ever yet heard,
And must by Wise men be wondred at still,
Nay, nay, 'tis a Miracle say what you will.

That he should swear one was lately a Slave,
And that he of Life did his Patron bereave,
By giving him Poyson, and so getting free,
But that that Patron alive yet shou'd be,
Exceeds all the rest, and it is not gain-said,
But 'tis most Miraculous to raise the Dead;
For rarely that Task can a Mortal fulfil,
Then these are all Miracles say what you will.